MY GOOD OLD

IRISH HOME.

AIR.---My Old Kentucky Home.

Och my heart still yearns for my good ould Irish Home
Though grieving may all be in vain,
Bad luck till the day that I ever thought to roam,
For I'll never see my couuthry again.
Methinks I can see my own little cabin door—
The thought makes my poor bosom swell,
But sad is my fate—I will never see it more—
So my good ould Irish home, fare thee well.

CHORUS.

Thin spake no more of comfort; oh, spake no more I pray,
For my heart still turns to the home I've left behind,
To my poor, but happy home far away.

I'll sit no more by the bright and blazing fire
Where the praties were boiling so rare;
I'll toil no more till my limbs begin to tire,
With my heart rint with sorrow and care.
But the thought will come like a dhrame unto my mind,
And whisper so softly, yet plain,
"Och, Paddy, forget not the home you've left behind,
Though you may never behould it again."
Thin spake no more, &c.

Oh, my counthry, I love, though it never may be free,
But still 'tis my counthry the same,
The time may come when 'twill gain its liberty,
Thin Ireland may be proud of its name.
But fate has decreed, and my heart must be resigned,
Though tears from my eyelids may swell;
Och, a few more prayers for the home I've left behind,
Thin my good ould Irish home, fare thee well.
Thin spake no more, &c.

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